

Poems by Angel C. Dye

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Black is...

the new Black  
the old Black  
always Black to Black  
and Back to Black

It's back to that

Blacker the Black the sweeter the Black  
not the deeper the lack or the cheaper the crack  
not the triller the trap but the iller the rap  
not the breaking of backs or the deafening of gats  
not bruises and slaps or sippin on yac  
We be so Black we much more than just that

We colorfully rainbow Black

**MADE WITH MELANIN** and **HANDLE WITH CARE**  
inscribed in our tats

What a time to be Black  
History, mystery, present, future, past  
We be that, that brown, down, cool, classic Black  
When the world ends, we'll still be around after that

True Black, bold Black, best Black, so Black

**BUY BLACK**

Don't *try* Black

Don't spray tan, cornrow, or artificial dye Black  
Don't lie on Black, deny Black,  
then when it's convenient—rely on Black

You gotta be born Black,  
not just adorned in Black  
Beneath phenotype or *you talk white*  
you be Black because it's on the inside

You can't look at Black and decide that  
only a wide nose and naps constitute Black  
There's so much more to it than that  
It's bone deep and erected in our backs

So stop trying to show you Black  
and get to know Black  
like really sow into Black  
grow more spiritual and soulful Black

be noble Black  
and don't let no one control yo Black

You say you've met God and she's Black  
Well did she tell you that  
every color mixed together becomes Black?  
You should be proud and own that:  
no hue gets its name without paying homage to Black,  
and within you  
you got all of that